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ed "Te Deum to the God of battles;" and while the consecrated Ambassador of "the Prince of Peace," robed in the sacred vestments of the sanctuary, gave solemn thanks to "the God of all grace," for the slaughter and the triumph; "a still small voice"—seemed to whisper to my heart—"come my people, enter into thy chamber, shut thy doors about thee, hide thyself for a little season, until the indignation be over-past!" A strong hand drew me to my closet; a heavy heart brought me to my knees; and bursting emotion filled my eyes with tears. The scenes of that awful day, "when the towers fell," rose before my mind like the bursting open of the doors of hell. Blood, brains, skulls, limbs, bowels, torn flesh, cold lead, burning iron, fiery rockets bursting bombs, all mingling with sulphurous flame and infernal smoke, and all rushing, in mad and wild fury, athwart the baleful heavens; while the crash, and the boom of cannon, the shrill crack of musketry, the falling towers, the burning buildings, the blowing up of magazines, the scuttling and the conflagration of ships, the horrid shouts of the victors, the agonizing groans of the wounded, and the doleful wail of the dying, presented such a living picture of a hell in commotion, as to sicken my soul with horror. And yet in view of all this wickedness and woe, Christians and Christian ministers rejoice and bless their kings, their countries, their generals, their arms, and their armies! Would that every minister of Christ would study the meaning, and preach from the text, "*Love your enemies!*" Does *love* work ill to its neighbor? And does revenge fulfil the law? Does the gospel say, hate your enemies, curse them that curse you, do evil to them that hate you, and execrate them that persecute you? Does the Savior say, if thine enemy hunger, starve him; if he thirst, deny him drink? Does he say unto us resist evil; and whatsoever smites thee on one cheek, smite him on the other? Does he say to the warrior, vengeance is thine; give the sinner his due; deal out justice without mercy to him; heap hot iron on his head; pour a storm of burning wrath upon him; rain upon him "snares, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest;" cast upon him the "rage of thy wrath;" humble him in the dust; make him confess the justice of thy cause, and the force of thy arguments?

But I have reached my limits, and with renewed assurances of cordial sympathy in the cause of peace,

I am, dear brother, yours in the gospel.

T. COAN.

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### THE WAR THAT MUST NOT BE.

The Government of the United States are understood to have dismissed the British Ambassador, and Lord Clarendon is alleged to have had "a scene" with Mr. Buchanan, for whose departure Mr. Crampton's arrival will of course be the signal. Reference to an arbitrator has been proposed,—but the peculiarity of the dispute, and of the present relations of European powers, renders the acceptance of the proposition doubtful. This situation is admitted, in both Houses, to be serious—and when the jocular Viscount and the haughty Earl can be brought to admit *that* of any difference with a foreign power, it is time for alarm. The leading journals almost forget their angry contempt for the European autocrats who insist on peace, in their virtuous indignation at the Republican General who insists on war. The Parliamentary Opposition intend using the Western Difficulty in place of the Oriental Question. The "unrelaxed preparations" for a possible third campaign against Russia, are not impossibly stimulated by official anticipation of a possible campaign against—America!

Awful as is the bare possibility, it must not be regarded as simply too awful for realization. Nations would never engage in war if they would see the end from the beginning of the processes that lead to war; and only the most ambitious, unprincipled governments,—designing to gain other than the professed objects of dispute,—would not have promptly extinguished the sparks that, fanned by passion and fed by difficulty, blazed up into “the Great Battles of History.” No one pretends that our Ministers have consciously violated the Bulwer-Clayton treaty, and the neutrality of the States, foreseeing that a rupture of international friendship would ensue. The worst with which they are charged is,—holding by a disputed possession with unworthy tenacity, and incurring in haste the alternative of humiliation or hostility. But, venial as may have been their fault, incalculably evil are its issues. To acknowledge themselves in the wrong where they have repeatedly proclaimed themselves in the right—to make actual as well as verbal submission, by the surrender of territory and power—and to do this for the sake of avoiding war,—would be so novel to a martial aristocracy, wielding the resources of the richest people on earth, that we can hardly hope for their consent. And the accident of their antagonist being a revolted colony, a democratic commonwealth, must help to swell every fibre of our governing body with proud abhorrence of surrender, or even conciliation. Nor is the temper of the country itself at the furthest remove from that of its rulers.—While the newspapers can coolly threaten America with the descent of our two fleets upon her sea-board, and private citizens talk of her defenceless condition, there must be lurking somewhere an infatuated disposition for “a brush with Jonathan,” partly in the hope of wiping off the remembrance of our “brush with Russia.” And when we look across the Atlantic,—when we mark the reckless hardihood of the Cabinet and the helpless disorganization of Congress,—we cannot avoid apprehensions of a result too horrible to be set down in words.

But there is one hopeful peculiarity of our relation with America. In dealing with Russia, with Turkey, or even with France, we deal only with a Government. In America there is a people—a people represented by a Congress—and the assent of that Congress must be obtained before war can be undertaken. We are thus guaranteed the inestimable privilege of delay. The secrecy of English diplomacy enables Ministers to exercise, almost at any moment, the nominal prerogative of the Sovereign. But President Pierce cannot proclaim hostilities until the national council has given him authority so to do;—and it may be found, in 1856, as in 1812, that slavery is not the only question capable of convulsing the Union. Massachusetts may resolve now, as then, to bear no part in the unholy, the unnatural fray. Let us set her the example. Let religious bodies, literary societies, and public meetings, address to the people of the States this appeal:—Let us mutually resolve that, to whatever extremities of diplomatic usage our Governments may push our differences, we will have no differences; that whether the proposal to arbitrate be accepted or refused, whether ambassadors be recalled or no, there must not, and shall not, be war between us, peoples of one blood, one language, and one faith.—*London Empire*, Feb. 9.